

THE  
BATTEL of AUDENARD.

A  
POEM

Occasion'd

By the Glorious Victory ob-  
tain'd over the *French* near that Place,  
the 11th of July, 1708. N. S. by the  
Confederate Army under the Com-  
mand of his Grace the Duke of Marl-  
borough, Monsieur D'Auverquerque, and  
Prince Eugene of Savoy.

With the Characters of the Ge-  
neral Officers, who were present in the  
Engagement.

ALSO  
A New COPY of Verses of *Jack Frenchman's*  
*Lamentation.*

London,

Printed and Sold by H. Hills, in the *Black-fryars*, near  
Water-side, For the Benefit of the Poor. 1708.

THE  
P R E



C E.

**T**HIS reasonable to believe, that the original Design of a Preface, was, to excuse the Performance of the Author: If this Assertion be admitted as a Truth, no Work ever claim'd a Preface with stronger Reasons than the following Poem. Its Birth and Education was but the Labour of three Days at farthest; and if it dies within the same Com-pas of Time, it will never torment me very much. If Poets were like Prophets, we of the chimeric Tribe should do well enough; we had nothing then to do, but to utter the Divine Inspirations. But the Age of Possession is over, and I am sensible, that a correct Poem must be the Effect of Time, and serious Reflexions: Yet, however I have miscarry'd in the following Numbers, I have at least express'd my good Wishes to those Gentlemen, who behav'd themselves with so much Honour in the Service of their Country, and the Vindication of our Liberties. Let the formal Part of Mankind be of what Opinion they please, I can't but think Poems of this Nature very conducive to the Health and Welfare of the State. There is a natural Desire of Glory and Immortality imprinted in the Breast of all Mankind, and the Soldiers of all People are generally the most fond of an illustrious Character. Thou made Alexander plague himself and

his Subjects ; and the self same Cause oblig'd him to weep, when he knew of no more Worlds to conquer. If then the Desire of Fame is so rivited in the Military Profession, nothing can more effectually satisfy that honest Thirst of Glory, than transmitting their Reputation to Posterity, by the Assistance of the Muses. It must be acknowledg'd, that Poetry, in the Age we live in, is no current Coin ; nor can an Agent pass a Battalion with all the Treasure of Parnassus : Yet 'tis only with that, or its Sister Painting, that the ancient Greeks rewarded their bravest Generals : An Ode or a Picture done by some Great Master's Hand, made their Heroes Satisfaction for all their vast Fatigues and Labour : And even here in England we have had the same Custom, as appears by these Verses of Lucan :

Vos quoqu; qui Fortes Animas Bellaque; penemptas,  
Laudibus in longum Vates demittitis hymnum,  
Plurima securi sudistis Carmina Bardi.

I am very well satisfy'd, that these Sort of Rewards are now in a great Measure grown out of Fashion ; but if they were to revive again, I believe the Nation would be no Losers. I have therefore made an Essay to perpetuate the Memory of those General Officers, from whom we have receiv'd so lately a Service of the highest Consequence, and doubt not, but my Imperfections will be made amends for, by the Performances of abler Pens.

# POEM.

Celestial Maid, now touch thy Golden Lyre,  
And Numbers sing, which Churchill's Arms inspire.  
From Jove their Birth the sacred Muses take,  
But 'tis the Hero does the Poet make.  
Th' Immortal Bards secure of Lawrels write,  
Warm'd with that Fire with which our Soldiers fight.  
But oh ! what Pow'r Terrestrial or Divine,  
*Illustrious Chief!* \* can write of Acts like thine ?  
Not Great Pelides, † by a Goddess bore,  
Whom Asia's § Lord did solemnly adore,  
With the same Harp which bright Minerva gave  
Could reach thy Praise, nor was the Youth so brave.  
Milton's bold Verse could only soar so high,  
Which sung the ravag'd Empire of the Sky :  
Contending Gods in dreadful Feuds engag'd;  
And Civil Wars by hostile Seraphs wag'd.  
Methinks I see th' embattell'd Squadrons stand,  
And Fate subservient to thy high Command,

\* The Duke of Malborough. † Achilles. § Alexander sacrific'd at the Tomb of Achilles.

Certain to strike as you decree the Blow,  
And pour down purple Vengeance on the Foe.

Illustrious Prince ! indulge the Mule's Toil,  
And on the Labours of a Soldier smile.  
No other Pow'r my haughty Strings invoke,  
Than you, Great Sir ! who false Bavaria broke ;  
Who Blenheim's Plain with slaughter'd Heroes fill'd,  
And at Ramillies mighty Numbers kill'd.  
On whose lov'd Life depends our Empire's Fate,  
Whose Sword defends, and Head adorns the State.

Like Cæsar, you did War-like Gauls o'ercome,  
And hung their Standards in Imperial Rome.  
Nature to him did lavishly impart  
The noblest Sense, and the most daring Heart.  
Curse of his Pow'r, and fond ambitious Aim,  
His conquer'd Country quite destroy'd his Fame.  
Churchill to Glory, nobler Paths pursues,  
He fights to save, and piously subdues.  
No honest Patriot mourns his shining Fate,  
His Conquests fix, his Blood cements the State.  
In him we see that Emp'ror's mighty Mind,  
And all his Worth, without his Vices, find.

Illustrious Nassau, Belgia's faithful Shield,  
Ne'er won the Honours of the dusty Field,  
From Gallick Troops.  
Reluctant Fates would not such Fame allow,  
But kept the Bays for Churchill's happier Brow.

Thus only *Four* could Rebels quell,  
And drive *Briareus* to the Verge of Hell;  
When weaker Gods from the dire Monsters fled,  
And *Mars* in *Egypt* hid his fearful Head.

Oh ! mayst thou slowly yield to Age and Years,  
When Halcyon Peace o'er all the World appears ;  
When Plenty blooms, and spreads her balmy Wings,  
Fraught with the Joys, thy happy Conduct brings.  
Forbid it, Heav'n, that Fair should soon removc  
Our sole Defence, to brighter Realms above.  
But when, tho' late, you tread th' Aetherial Way,  
And misive Angels your Commands obey,  
Your Mortal Part will small Addition find,  
The same your Person, and the same your Mind.  
At your Approach, the Stars shall brighter shine,  
And well pleas'd *Aslan* feel the Load divine.  
As here on Earth, so shall you War on High,  
And next to *Michael*, guard the Saphire Sky.

Now six long Years their weary Course had run,  
And the seventh Spring had just its Bloom begun,  
Since first this War commenc'd.—  
*Biscay's* rough Waves our daring Youth had plough'd,  
'And Spanish Gods with low Submission bow'd.

*Our Troops* ——————

With Shrines devoted to their Saints, made bold,  
And seiz'd with Hands profane, their pious Gold.  
*Bavarian* Troops the British Valour knew,  
And *Flanders* found what free-born Men could do.

The troubl'd *May* our English Valour dyed, or b'leas'd  
 And swell'd the Current wit a sanguine Tyde; vol 10  
 The foamy *Rbine* stopt its tremendous Wave,  
 To gaze on Troops so resolutely brav'd, and fill'd W.  
 Whilst charg'd with Woe, the *Dambe-flower* runs, nA  
 And mourns the Fate of his departed Sons, m'men-aH  
 Where e'er our Force the trembling Ross affails, ui br.  
 Above their Honour, Sense of Fear prevails, z ill'd H.  
 And to the Winds they spread their Cagwas Sails, g good b'la.  
*Almanza* only stopt our fierce Career, l and a' d'as'd OT  
 And with fresh Hopes did drooping Philip chear,  
 But tho' the *French* did to our Fortune yield, q uisq'x.  
 They still contended for the Martial Field :  
 And *Borbone* conquer'd, more tremendous grows,  
 Taught by Experience, and a Chain of Woes;  
 No servile Fears we in his Soul descry, bbo G'ath f'c'A.  
 His Mind stands firm, altho' his Soldiers fly, q and b'gA  
 Arm'd with th' Force of a despotic Will,  
 He levies Troops as fast as Churchill hilt.  
 His fertile Care the Edge of War supplies, l bl'ot ev'g.  
 And as these fall, successive Squadrons rise, l'li i'g w.  
*Amiens* once extended on the Earth, r'li i'c'c' p'od VI.  
*Akides* saw, and judg'd he wanted Breath; t'li o'f k'k'  
 Yet by his Fall, the Giant stronger strove, t'li o'f k'k'.  
 And grasp'd with brawny Arms the Son of Jove.  
 So ev'ry Wound the hoary King sustains, Q'li i'k'k'.  
 With sharp Revenge his furious Mind enflames, m'k'k'.  
 With Thoughts of Glory, and of Shame, he burns, j'k'k'.  
 And to the Field with stronger Rage returns,

Resolv'd to w<sup>e</sup>st from Fate a happier Chance,  
Or low in Dust to lay the Pow'r of France.

Whilst thus deep Care's Lutetia's Monarch prest,  
And anxious Doubts deny'd his Eye-balls Rest,  
His num'rous Troops march boldly from afar,  
And in a Deluge hasten to the War.  
All Gallia's Youth crowd to the dusty Plain,  
And the young Bride expects her Lord in vain.  
To Dender's Bank the servile Legions bend,  
And the sad Sisters do their March attend,  
Expecting Vulters hover o'er their Prey,  
And greedy Death longs for the purple Day.  
Fame with a hundred Tongues their Motions tells,  
The tim'rous Frights, and Truth to Falsehood twells.  
Aloft the Goddess takes her sudden Rise,  
And thus proclaims, as thro' the Air she flies.

The Galick Youth, by Vendome's Presence warm'd,  
Have scal'd the Tow'rs, and lofty Bulwarks storm'd.  
Bruges the Foe with equal Honour gain'd,  
Whose Gates their Troops with Sword in Hand obtain'd  
No Force the Swains and frighted Peasants guard,  
But the too feeble Works of Audenard.  
Who soon the Town will burn with hostile Fires,  
And in the Dust lay low its guilded Spires.  
Antwerp must yield, and Menin too will fall,  
The fierce unbounded Deluge swallows all.  
With what an Air the Household-Troops advances;  
Upon whose Swords depends the Fate of France?

The daring Squadrons are by *Vendome* led, C auoirfull  
 Nurs'd up in War, ih Blood and Dangers bred.  
 His Valour dy'd the *Catalonian* Plains; i vol ylaid thi W  
 And warlike *Durmitard* felt the Victor's Chains, i sru  
 To *Savoy* then th' undaunted Warrior flew, l biblio oN  
 Conquest and Fame the Hero's Chariot d'rew, d' d' d'  
 Fierce *Amadeus* prodigal of Blood, H guidatoipqs 'n T  
 Gainst his Superior Arms successless stood. oti His bNA  
*Valour* and *Prudence* sit upon his Brows, sli leusd thi W  
 And servile *Fortune* to his Orders bows, usW harsd bNA  
 With what Majestick Air the Chief appears !  
 His Conquests more extensive than his Years,  
*Vertue*, like is, can prop the *Gallick* State, n mnt or W  
 Raise sinking Realms, and almost alter Fate,

The Goddess yet augments the dreadful News,  
 And fond of Pratling, thus the Theme pursues :  
 Whate'er can urge the war-like *French* to fight,  
 Is pompeously display'd before their Sight.  
 The *Western* World shall to the Lillies bend,  
 And Wealth and Fame the conqu'ring Troops attend.  
 Two Royal Youths the num'rous Squadrons chear,  
 Led on by them even Cowards loose their Fear.  
 The Royal Blood the common Danger bears,  
 Sharing their Grandf're's Glory, and his Cares.  
 Throughout the Host their Presence Heat inspires,  
 And warms the Soldier with unusual Fires.  
 Burning to fight, th' impatient *French* draw nigh,  
 Their purple Ensigns waving in the Sky.

Illustrious Cloribill takes the hot Alarm,  
And orders streight his willing Troops to arm.  
With hasty Joy the English strike their Tentes,  
Rush to the War, and more Commands prevent.  
No sordid Fear our bold Battalions fright,  
Death they prefer to an inglorious Flight.  
Th' approaching Harm they scell'd Minds defy,  
And all the Horrors of the threatening Sky.  
With Battel pleas'd, they shake their Brazen Shickds,  
And hated War a Noble Prospect yields.

Jove's sacred Daughters tell each General's Name,  
And to successive Times record their Fame,  
Who firm in Battel, for their Country stood,  
And beat the trembling Princes of the Blood:  
From whose sharp Swords ey'n haughty *Vendosme* ran,  
And then did first th' unequal Combate shun.

Lumley the Horse to glorious Dangers led,  
In Northern Climes, near rapid *Humber* bred:  
Long e'er this Isle the *Norman* Fury felt,  
His War-like Race near *Scotland's* Borders dwelt;  
With whose fierce Troops th' undaunted Heroes fought  
And wish their Blood their high Preferments bought.  
But not contented with paternal Fame,  
He adds fresh Laurels to his ancient Name;  
And by his Courage, which the Fight begun,  
We know the Blood from whence the Hero sprung.

Not born to Titles, nor a splendid State,  
Wood chang'd the fable Colour of his Fate,  
And sees himself by his own Merit Great.

Ancient Records, not modern Stories, can  
 Produce a better, or a juster Man :  
 Nor e'er did *Rome*, fertile in Heroes, yield  
 A bolder Captain in the Martial Field.  
*Marius* the *Tuscan* did by Force o'ercome,  
 And sav'd th' Imperial Majesty of *Rome*.  
 His high Preferments, Wood like him attain'd,  
 And by his Courage, equal Honours gain'd.  
*Marius* was hot, revengeful, and austere,  
 Perfidious, cruel, insolent, severe,  
 Th' Imperial Youth he first in Feuds engag'd,  
 And civil Wars with imperious Legions wag'd.  
 Wood more sedate, no guilty Passion knows,  
 To him his Country *Civic* Garlands owes.  
 Willing to save, and easy to forgive,  
 Ungrateful Traytors by his Mercy live.  
 Kind in Discourse, and easy of Access,  
 He charms the Hearers with his soft Address.  
 The Good and Generous to his Friendship yield;  
 The Bad he conquers in the Bloody Field.  
 Civil to all, and in his Dealings just,  
 He breaks no Traders with perpetual Trust.  
 His Worth the Soldiers with Applauses own,  
 Who never sold a Post, or bought his own.  
 Undaunted Ross the fierce Dragoons brought on,  
 As bold as *Fergus*, who his Country won.  
 The Chief resolv'd to conquer, or to die,  
 Commanded Troops were never known to fly.  
*Orkney* the Foot, and daring *Withers* lead  
 From lovely *Severn*, and the Silver *Teme*.

The first of these can boast as high a Birth,  
As ever grac'd the Caledonian Earth.  
Long ere this Isle the Saxon Fury felt,  
His ancient Clan in Scottish Mountains dwelt.  
Oft with the Picts his honour'd Fathers fought,  
And fickle Fame thro' all her Mazes sought.  
*France*, tho' ungrateful, must their Valour own,  
The chief Support of that tyrannick Throne.  
In Fight no General more resolv'd appears,  
Or bears a Mind less capable of Fears.  
Dumbarton once his Regiment obey'd,  
To whom almost they Adoration pay'd.  
By Orkney's Justice they their Love renew,  
And in his Courage their old General view.

*Cadogan* next brings up the British Ranks,  
And fix'd his Standard on the Dender's Banks.  
Since moist *Ierne* furious strong Bow won,  
And cut in Pieces his inglorious Son;  
Never that Isle a better Captain bore,  
Who lov'd his Honour, and his Country more.  
*Fate* did to him two mighty Gifts impart.  
A prudent Mind, with a courageous Heart;  
Brave, but not cruel, learned, yet free from Pride,  
'Twixt Arts and Arms he does his Hours divide,  
And steady Reasons all his Actions guide.  
When first Autumnnal Colds with War dispense,  
The high Allies own his superior Sense.  
*Villars* the French, and English Berwick praise,  
Crowning their Statues with eternal Bays.

Their aged King confides in *Vendosine* most,  
And we a *Churchill* and *Cadogan* boast.

To Noble Danger *Webb* directs the Way,  
His Great Example all his Troops obey.  
Before the Front the Gen'ral sternly rides,  
With such an Air as *Mars* to Battel strides.  
Did now the God court *Beauty's* rosy Queen,  
He would in *Webb's* resistless Shape be seen.  
Propitious Heav'n's must sure a Hero save,  
Like *Paris* handsome, and like *Hector* brave.

Illustrious *Campbell*, wise beyond his Age,  
Chears his Brigade, and prompts 'em to engage.  
Ere budding down to shade his Cheeks began,  
His Worth and Courage fully spoke him Man.  
Whether on Foot he marches 'gainst the Foes,  
Or thro' the Ranks of hostile Squadrons goes,  
He leads his Men, and the first Danger knows.  
Certain Success upon his Sword attends,  
And servile *Fortune* to his Courage bends.

Illustrious *Stairs*, indulgent Muse record,  
The Right Brigade obey'd that *Northern* Lord.  
From his still Tomb, had *Fane* the *Douglas* brought,  
Who Hand to Hand with daring Hot-spur fought.  
Not bolder Acts had by his Arms been done,  
Nor with more Glory had the Field been won.  
Temple his Troops next to th' Battel drew,  
No Chief to Glory better Methods knew.

Whether

Whether he charg'd the hostile Ranks in Fight,  
Or here at Home maintain'd the People's Right,  
His Soul untainted with the Thirst of Gold,  
Was honest, wise, and honourably bold.

\* Undaunted Sabine form'd a fierce Brigade,  
Who for the Signal with Impatience stay'd.  
Soon as the Chiefs had form'd th' extended Ranks,  
*Cadogan* march'd to Dender's slimy Banks,  
And fearless Sabine, with a choice Brigade,  
Pass'd o'er the Stream, and the first Onset made.

Now Death in all its gloomy Pomp appears,  
One Hour destroys the Work of many Years.  
Horrors and Fate in wild Confusion fly,  
And missive Bullets wound the tender Sky.  
Forsaken Horses wand'ring o'er the Plain,  
Contemn the Bit, their gen'rous Riders slain.  
Relenting Gods the bloody Action view,  
And mourn the illus ambitious Wars perfue.  
Whilst thus both Parties urge the horrid Fight,  
Thick Clouds of Smoke make an uncertain Nighth.  
The weary'd War successive Troops supply,  
Which march upon their Fellows as they die.  
To neither Side impartial Conquest flies,  
Griev'd one must win, when both deserve the Prize.

Ten thousand Deaths in vain our Troops oppose,  
\* Great Britain's Hopes thro' all the Dangers goes.

---

\* Prince of Hannover.

'At his Approach the French Battalions run,  
And his superior Force in Trenches thun.  
But haughty Vendome would not tamely yield,  
And quit his Fame, and the contended Field :  
At his Command the Household Squadrons move,  
And dare the Thunder of inferior Jove.

Illustrious \* Greenwich does our Arms sustain,  
And the goar'd Battel bleeds in ev'ry Vein :  
As when the Sun to *Western Seas* declines,  
Dimly he burns, and but obscurely shines ;  
So faintly now the French Resistance made,  
To fly unwilling, and to stand afraid :  
But *Nature's Law* the Soldiers soon obey,  
And swiftly throw their useless Arms away.  
*Terror* and *Fear* their gasty Visage show,  
And sad Confusion deadlier make the Blow.  
The Royal Captains share the common Fate,  
Consult their Safty, and neglect their State.  
So sad a Scene shall troubl'd *Nature* show,  
When Sinners to their final Sentence go ;  
When the last Trumpet shall the Spheres + untune,  
And Seas of Blood obscure the Silver Moon.

\* The Duke of Argyle & Earl of Greenwich.

+ Mr. Dryden says, And Music shall untune the Sky.

# Jack Frenchman's Lamentation.

## A New Copy of Verses, To the Tune of *I'll tell thee Dick, &c.*

1. Y E Commons and P E E R S,  
Pray lend me your Ears,  
I'll sing you a Song (if I can)  
How *Lewis le Grand*  
Was put to a Stand  
By the Arms of our Gracious Queen

2. How his Army so great,  
Had a total Defeat,  
And close by the River Dender :  
Where his Grand-Children Twain  
For fear of being slain,  
Gallop'd off with the Papist/Pretender.

3. To a Steeple on high,  
The Battle to spy,  
Up-mounted thicke clever Young Men;  
But when from the Spire  
They saw so much fire,  
Most cleverly came down again.

4. Then on Horseback they got  
All on the same Spot,  
By Advice of their Cousin Vendome ;  
O Lord cry'd out he  
Unto young Burgundy,  
Would your Brother and you were at

5. While this he did say,  
Without more Delay,  
Away the Young Gentry fled ;  
Whose Heels for that Work,  
Were much lighter than Cork,  
Tho' their Hearts were as heavy as

6. Not so did behave  
*Young Hannover Brave* 28 MR 5  
In this Bloody Field I assure ye :  
When his War-Horse was shot  
He valu'd it not,  
But fought it on Foot like a Fury.

7. Full firmly he stood,  
As became his high Blood,

Which runs in his Veins so blew ;  
For this Gallant Young Man  
Being a Kin to Q U E E N A N N E  
Did as (were she a Man) she would do.

8. What a Racket was here  
( I think 'twas last Year )  
ANNE. For a little Misfortune in Spain ?  
For by letting 'em win  
We have drawn the Puss in  
To lose all they're worth this Cam-  
paign.

9. Tho' Bruges and Ghent  
To Monsieur we lent,  
With Interest they shall repay 'em,  
While Paris may sing.  
With her sorrowful King,  
*Nunc Dimittis*, instead of Te Deum.

10. From this Dream of Success  
They'll awaken we guess,  
At the Sound of Great Marlborough's  
Drum :  
They may think if they will,  
Of Almanza still,  
But 'tis Blenheim wherever he comes.

11. O Lewis perplex'd,  
Home, What General next !  
Thou hast hitherto chang'd in value,  
He has beat 'em all round,  
If no new one, found  
He shall beat 'em over again.

12. We'll let Tallard out  
If he'll take c'other Bout,  
Lead. And much he's improv'd let me tell ye  
With Nottingham Ale

13. At every Meal,  
And good Beef and Pudding in's Belly,  
Their Dice throw away,  
While the Winners do still win on ;  
Let who will Command,  
Thou had'st better disband,  
For Old Bally, thy Doctors are gone